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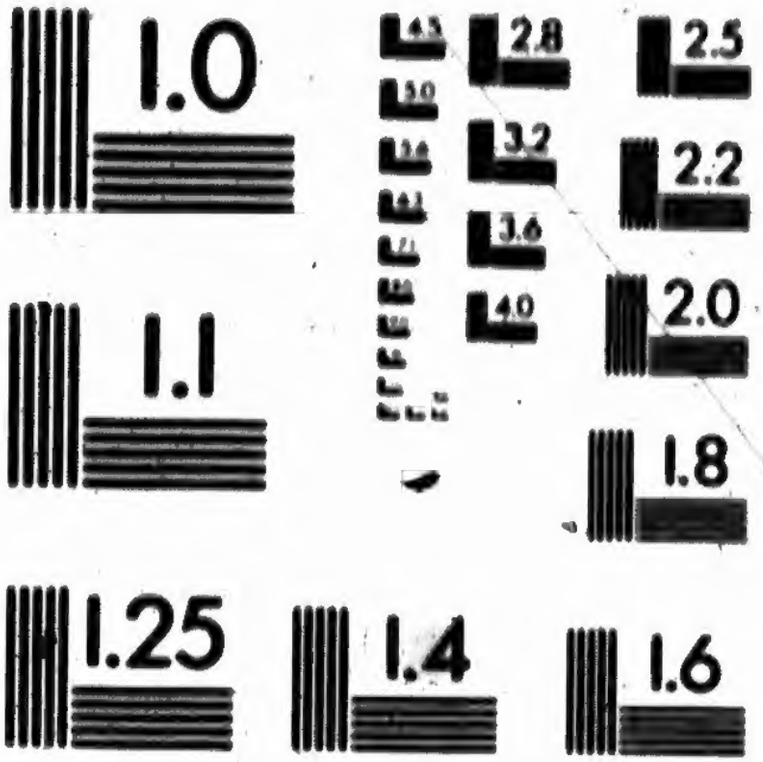

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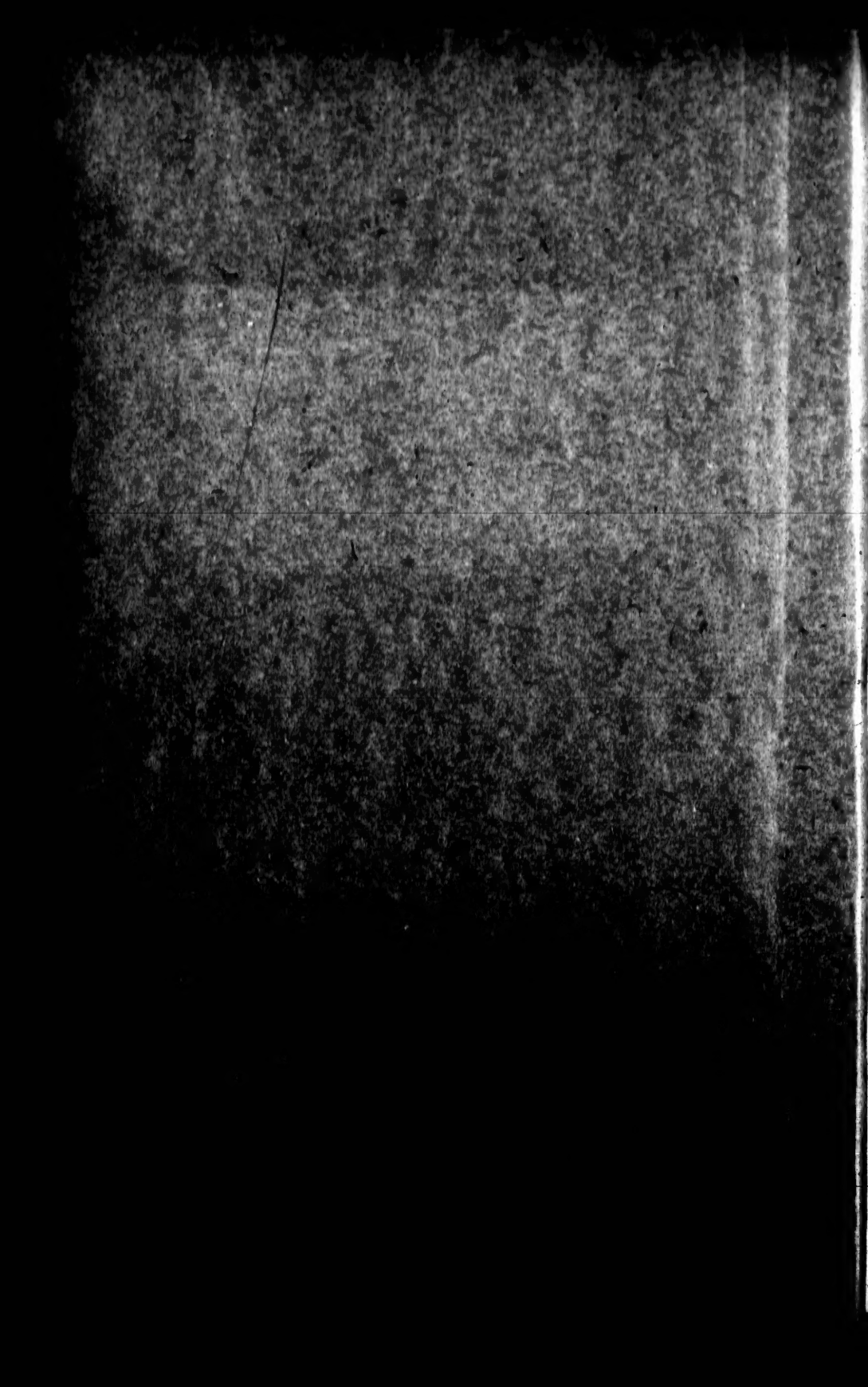

THE ROMANCE OF ONTARIO,

OR THE PEOPLING OF THE PROVINCE.

This paper was read at the Ontario Historical Exhibition, Toronto, June 20th, 1899, and is printed by request.

I do not think I am making too strong or definite a statement in saying that, for the most part, the people of Ontario consider themselves a prosaic matter-of-fact people, having a history short and simple, with little or no romance to relieve its pages of plain monotony. The impression seems to be that we must look elsewhere, to other provinces and to other times, for the materials to weave into the attractive fabric of romance, or for deeds of heroism with which to evoke the strains of poesy and song.

Our poets have sung of the sea and the tides, the dykes and the marshes; they have roamed the fields and listened to the birds; they have learned the music of the breeze and caught the inspiration of the rivers and lakes—they are poets of nature rather than of men. In them for the most part the men and women of Ontario have aroused no poetic interest and apparently our deeds are dull and commonplace The students of Canadian poetry will be attracted by the melody of the song and be charmed by the interpretation of nature but will find little that will attract them to a closer study of our English-speaking people. When we turn to the writers of fiction we find the same—our writers of fiction and our poets appear to be inseparable. Let us record briefly the recent works of Canadian fiction. Roberts has taken the Acadian troubles for the themes of his "Forge in the Forest" and "A Sister to Evangeline." Gilbert Parker has gained an enviable reputation with "The Seats of the Mighty" and other French Canadian novels. McLennan gave us first his "Spanish John" and later, in collaboration with Miss McIlwraith, his "Span o' Life." Lighthall in "The False Chevalier," and Marquis in "Marguerite de Roberval," have gone to old Quebec fortheir heroes and their heroines. Mrs. Harrison has written "The Forest of Bourg Marie" and Henry Cecil Walsh "Bonhomme and other stories" Miss Macdonnell, Miss Sanford, Duncan Campbell Scott and E. W. Thompson have also been attracted to the French Canadian for some of their stories. W. A. Fraser has gone to far off India or the remote corners of the Northwest and Ralph Connor has told his tales of the Selkirks. Robert Barr, it is true, has found a plot for one of his stories in Ontario "In the midst of Alarms," and is now working out the details of a story into which he is introducing Col. Talbot. If to this we add the names of Miss Murray, Miss Machar, and Miss Joanna Wood, we shall have about exhausted the references to story writers who have found themes for their writings in this prosy old Province of Ontario.

Some years ago a veteran Ontario writer, Wm. Kirby, opened up a well nigh inexhaustible mine of fiction and romance in his remarkable story of old Quebec, "The Golden Dog," and it would seem as though all the writers and poets had ever since forgotten or overlooked our own fair province as unworthy of their pens or as insufficient to supply the romantic material for their work. Here and there we find a stray bit of Ontario narrative, but for the most part the eyes of the story writers are turned towards New France. Do the Acadians of the east, the French Canadians of Quebec and the mixed French and Scottish furtraders of the Northwest monopolize the romance of Canada? Does this Province in which we live, of which we are citizens, and of which we are, I trust, honestly proud, yield no romance to the student? Are we now and have our forefathers been merely a mercenary crowd of uninteresting people without a history to attract attention or arouse interest, or develop feelings of patriotic pride? Sometimes I think we are apt to conclude that the story of Ontario is simply that of the heavy labor of clearing away the forest, sowing the wheat and the barley, fattening the cattle and sheep, making butter and cheese, and building railroads and canals to send these to the great European market. We have made business and politics a very large portion of our provincial life, but I desire to call attention to the fact that back of that and before all that there has been some romance in our history, and I would like to suggest some lines of study and research that will open up these hidden treasures—for it is a treasure to any people to feel and to know that there is a romantic element in its growth. The pages of our history are not as dull as some would have us believe, and though we may be lacking in some of the attractive elements of our fellow Canadians of French ancestry, yet we have a history of our own that is full of interest, that is varied in its nature, one in which we can take laudable pride if only we understand it aright.

Why have our poets and our story writers and our students of economic questions gone to Acadia, Quebec, and the far-off parts of the Northwest, for their inspiration and their themes? Some may say because they did not find their inspiration and their theme at home, others may say because Parkman has entranced them with his interweaving of romance and narrative, that delightful mingling of story and history that may be described as intoxicating or at least as mesmeric, and because Kirby told a tale in his Golden Dog that has never been surpassed by his successors, if it has been equalled. Others may say that we are always most attracted by the distant and the foreign, we can see more romance in a people that have other ways and other speech than we have ourselves, and we can readily find a story that will interest others like ourselves if only we seek it in a foreign situation, and with others who do not think as we do or speak our language. This must be remembered, however, that there is always awaiting such stories the native critic who is ready to lay bare the inaccuracies and the mistakes of the foreigner, who is inaccurate and

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makes mistakes because he is a foreigner. When, however, the writer is able to tell us the story of his own people with fidelity and fervor, though it may be with simplicity approaching crudeness, to tell the story so that it takes hold of us and becomes a part of our very nature, then we call it great, we know that it will last, for it has the essence of life—it is true and unassailable. I need refer you only to Ian Maclaren's stories of his Scottish folk and Langwill's revelations of the Ghetto, and, I think I may add, the author of David Harum. It would be more difficult for an English Canadian writer to give us living stories of the folk of Ontario than of the habitants of Quebec, but that is not a sufficient excuse for passing by this province. I conclude that the main reason is that our poets and story writers have considered that the people of Ontario have had a less interesting history than the people of Quebec, of Acadia, and the wilds of the Northwest. My present purpose is to try to show that we are not the product of dull monotony, but that in the making of this province there is something interesting and attractive. I do not pretend to be able to give you more than a brief and partial sketch—my purpose is to suggest rather than to finish.

I hope to be able to put forth a plea for the study of the people that have come into this province which may be called the Promised Land of the Western Continent. I say "Promised Land" advisedly, for if you will look back over the century gone by you will see that it has really been a Promised Land to many people—it was the Promised Land to the United Empire Loyalists; it was the Promised Land to the thousands of home-seeking Emigrants from England, Scotland and Ireland; it was the Promised Land to the Negro who knelt and kissed the soil that made him first a man, after following the north star across the Northern States that poured forth their blood to set him free; it was the Promised Land to the German; and it may soon become the Promised Land to some of the Doukhobors who lift up their voices in Psalms of Praise as their boat touches Canadian shores.

I have not time to direct your attention to the unique position that this Province occupies geographically on this continent. Open your atlas and observe that Ontario is almost literally an island lying in the interior of the continent, thrust down into the very heart of the great producing states, a block of land across which pass the great natural and national highways. Then to our great water courses add the fertility of the soil formed in the ages gone by out of the Archean rocks of the Laurentians, the oldest of the continent, and you have the reasons which nature gives for calling this a Promised Land.

What is the nationality of our people? Are we English, or Scottish, or Irish? or are we Anglo-Saxons? It is best to call ourselves Canadian. But of what blood is a Canadian? Let me take an example, and I do not think it is an extreme case. I had occasion lately to look up the nationality of a Canadian who was born in Toronto. His father and mother were both born in this province

His mother's father was born in Ireland, his mother's mother was born in England, her father being English and her mother Scottish. His father's father also was born in Ontario, of Irish and Welsh ancestry. His father's mother was the daughter of a man born in the United States of French Huguenot ancestry, and on his mother's side she was of U. E. Loyalist origin, in part German Palatine. Here we find a mingling of English, Irish, Scottish, Welsh, French and German blood—and yet a Canadian. This fusion of blood is going on and you have only to make careful enquiry into the ancestry of the rising generation of this province to be convinced that the future citizens of Ontario will be of a composite character. Let us hope that the best elements of all the contributing nationalities will produce a Canadian type that will be worthy of the land in which we live.

I shall not take time to repeat the story of the aborigines of this province and the wonderful records of the Jesuit Fathers who lived and labored and suffered and died for the conversion of the Indians. You have in this exhibition an opportunity that may never come to you again, to see the original letters and records of some of these early heroes and to hear from Father Jones the story of their lives.

Then comes the story of the voyageurs and the fur traders. Last summer I had the pleasure of taking a boat at the old departing place for the great northwest, Lachine. We turned the western end of Montreal Island and headed up the rapids of Ste Anne. I had by good fortune picked up a day or two before a copy of Harmon's Journal beginning thus "April 1800, Tuesday 20, Lachine." We were following Harmon's canoes laden with goods for the great prairies of the west. We were in the great highway of the early Jesuit Missionaries and the Voyageurs. That alone made the trip to Carillon on the Ottawa of great interest to one who knew even a little of the early history of Canada. As we moved through the canal the captain, at our request, pointed out Tom Moore's cottage, where he lived and where he wrote The Canadian Boat Song.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time;
Soon as the woods on the shore look dim
We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn,
Row brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue waves to curl;
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar,
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers;
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs,
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Every school boy knows the words, and the little excursion had an increased interest because of that song. I thought then and I am more convinced to-night that if we could produce a Canadian Tom Moore to sing the songs and tell the deeds of the hundreds of places in Ontario that are quite as interesting and quite as memorable as the Ste. Anne's Rapids we would develop a sentiment of love and patriotism in the people of this province that would be worth more than the construction of a transcontinental railway or the deepening of our much boasted canals. Sentiment! What is it? Of what is it composed? Is it worth having? It has made nations weak in numbers, great in power. It may not make millionaires, but it has made martyrs; it may not make champions of the prize ring but it has made heroes and patriots. If a song, a poem, or a story will arouse high and worthy sentiment in our people let us have it, and may our writers and our poets search out the stories of our province and do for the hills and lakes and fields and landing places of Ontario what Moore did for the Rapids of Ste. Anne, what Mrs. Sigourney did for the bell of St. Regis, and what Whittier did for the bells of St. Boniface.*

We begin with 1784 and the coming of the U. E. Loyalists. There has been no little quiet questioning of the U. E. Loyalists, as to why they came and what their motives? I do not propose to enter into that discussion. The U. E Loyalists played an important part in laying the foundation of this province—all admit that. At the same time we do not intend to give them all the credit for building up this people, and we shall be doing justice only when we give a place to all who have come from distant lands to take up their permanent abode in this promised land.

I do not think that the composite nature of the U. E. Loyalists is fully understood by the younger people of this province. At the close of the war and the declaration of Peace in 1783, large numbers of the Loyalists had sought shelter under the protection of Fort Niagara and in New York and other seaport towns in the East. As a very large part of the Loyalists came from New York State, we musttherefore look into the composition of the people of that State.

1st. There were large numbers of Dutch or Knickerbockers from Mannhatten Island, descendents of the founders of New Amsterdam. In the first Vol. of Papers and Records just published by the Ontario Historical Society you will find Van Alstine, Van Horn, Bogart, Van debogart, Asselstine, Van Cleef, Van Blaricom, Vanevery, Van Tassil Wanamaker, Huycke, Hough, Snider, Schmitt, Van Skiver, Schermerhorn, Hoffnagle, Vanderheyden, Von Kochnet, Sleuter, and many similar names. These tell of Dutch ancestry, some of German.

* See "The Bell of St. Regis" by Mrs. Sigourney, and "The Red River Voyageur" by John G. Whittier:

"The voyageur smiles and listens
For the sound that grows apace
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface."

"The bells of the Roman mission
That call from the turrets twain,
To the boatman on the river
To the hunter on the plain."

2nd. In addition to the Dutch we find some Germans among the U. E. Loyalists, in addition to the disbanded Hessians. Perhaps you know the story of the Palatines. The people of the German Palatinate indeed had suffered for years—their country had been a fighting ground for the French on the West and the German States on the East. They had suffered terrible persecution, and had fled, some to Holland, some to London. It was in the days of Queen Anne. Public sympathy being aroused they were housed, fed and clothed. At first it was proposed to settle them in Ireland and in the manufacturing towns of the north. Then it was decided to send them to America to settle in the pine forests that they might produce naval stores. Some Mohawk Chiefs who were at the time in London on a mission were taken to see them and they offered them a home in their country across the sea, the great Mohawk country. This was gladly accepted and they came out in 1710 to New York State. A large number also came and settled in Pennsylvania. For three years they suffered persecution and privation before it was discovered that the pine of the north was not pitch pine—the British Government and the New York Governor were disappointed—on up the Hudson and Mohawk they gradually moved until they came into the promised land of the Mohawks. * It is a remarkable fact that the descendants of some of the German Palatines cared for in London and the descendants of the Mohawk Chiefs who in London offered them a home in their country beyond the sea, settled down in 1784 side by side on the banks of the Bay of Quinte.

3rd. The next element amongst the U. E. Loyalists was composed of Huguenots. There were Frenchmen among the Pilgrim Fathers. We have not time to tell their story—perhaps you know it better than I do. There is more French blood in New England than is generally supposed. Many of the names suffered peculiar changes in England, Ireland and Holland. Longfellow's Priscilla was a Huguenot and some have explained her readiness in love-making by that fact. Alexander Hamilton, John Jay and Garfield had Huguenot ancestors. Paul Revere, the soldier, Freneau, the pioneer poet, Thoreau, the naturalist, Lanier, the poet, Tourgée, the novelist, were all of French Huguenot descent. Their principal settlement was at New Rochelle, a few miles above New York. It is in West Chester County, and we know that many of the U. E Loyalists came from West Chester County, and by examining the original names we see their French origin. It may be worth noting here that Tom Paine succeeded to the home of a French Huguenot family that had escaped from New Rochelle to Nova Scotia. He was buried there but his remains were afterwards taken back to England, and where they lie to-day no one knows.

* An interesting account of the German Refugees in the U. S. will be found in "The Story of The Palatines" by Sanford H. Cobb, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1897.

A hasty glance through the pages of the "Records" of the midland district already referred to will show many names that reveal a French ancestry—Gilliam de Morest, Pierre Le Rouge, James Forshee, Marie des Anges du Charme, Louis Latour, Marie de Guarrié, Le Beau, Jean Beausselé, James Canniff. Perhaps you will permit a word as to the last name, since it is that of the grandfather of Dr. Wm. Canniff, whose paper on the U. E. Loyalists was read at this exhibition on Saturday last, June 17th, the anniversary of the landing of the Loyalists at Adolphustown. The ancestors of the Canniffs were expelled from France in 1685 and found a refuge in Ireland. (The Irish Parliament had passed various Acts granting special privileges to the Huguenot refugees, and the Duke of Ormond, the Viceroy, had encouraged the coming thither of French weavers and other artizans.) They became British subjects and subsequently were among the early settlers of New Rochelle, N. Y. State. James Canniff married an Irish McBride and came to Ontario a century ago. Their son Jonas married a Flagler, a Knickerbocker. Dr. Canniff therefore is a fair sample of mixture of blood that is more common than you may have thought.

4th. Among the U. E. Loyalists were many decendants of the Puritans and Pilgrims who had moved West generation by generation, seeking new homes on the frontier. There were several flourishing settlements of these in central New York State. Among these were many Quakers who had formed comfortable settlements, and who suffered some persecution because of their refusal to fight against the mother land.

5th. Sir Wm. Johnson had a few years prior to 1784 persuaded some Highland Scotsmen to settle in New York State, and many of these formed part of the King's Royal Regiment under Sir John Johnson, and came over as U. E. Loyalists.

You know the story of how the refugees at Niagara crossed the river and settled about old Niagara on the lake. Some of their relatives were among the refugees in New York City, where Gen. Guy Carleton was arranging for their embarkation. In September, 1783, they spread their sails for the St. Lawrence, many sailing away leaving members of their families to be sent on later—some families to be reunited only after years, some never. You know how they stopped at Sorel and waited through the long winter till their location had been settled. Governor Haldimand sent his surveyor* with some representatives of the U. E. Loyalists to spy out the land. Among them was a man named Grass, who had been a prisoner of the French at Cataraqui. Up the St. Lawrence they went in batteaux, poling and pulling up the rapids, examining the shores as they went. Finally they selected Cataraqui Bay,

*In the report of the Ontario Land Surveyors' Association for 1897, will be found, pp. 196 to 230, a very valuable compilation of letters and reports dealing with the selection and first surveys of the townships from Kingston west, "Documentary History of the First Surveys in the Province of Ontario" by J. J. Murphy, Dept. of Crown Lands of Ontario.

and the Bay of Quinte as their future home. The surveys were made in the Fall of 1783, and on June 16th, 1784, the landing at Adolphustown took place. Did time permit we might refer at length to the interesting story of their home-making, their organization of a simple system of municipal Government* before Simcoe landed at Quebec, their early courts and churches. The student of those early days will find convincing proof that these U. E. Loyalists, made up of descendants of people that had been driven out of Germany, France and England, and we may also say out of Ireland and Scotland, to seek a home in America, and that had just been compelled to make one more move to find a home of safety, have a history that is full of interest and full of romance, and one that should be familiar to all our people. The descendants of those who settled along the St. Lawrence, around the Bay of Quinte, here and there along the front of Lake Ontario, around the Niagara peninsula, and as far west as Longue Point, have played an important part in the building of this Province; many who have taken an active interest in the gathering together of this exhibition can trace their ancestry back to those pioneers, and there is little wonder that their interest is so keen in the memorials of a hundred years ago.

In the train of the U. E. Loyalists came many others, friends and relatives left behind, separated by the necessities of the time; sympathisers at first with the Revolutionists, but who hearing of the productiveness of the new country came to Upper Canada to take up land for themselves. They crossed at Niagara or below Kingston. Among these may be mentioned in particular the Germans—Pennsylvania Dutch as they are usually called—who, desiring new lands, had formed a sort of colonization company. They drove their heavy ox-carts north, crossing at Niagara, a few at Toronto. Many of these were descendants of the Palatine Germans who came out, as we mentioned before, about 1710. They settled portions of the County of York and also of the County of Waterloo.

I mentioned the coming of the Quakers a few moments ago—those quiet, industrious, peace-loving Friends. Surely, you say, there is no romance in their history. I cannot speak with knowledge of the Quakers of western Ontario, but this I know that there are very few families in the Bay of Quinte District that do not carry some Quaker blood and the development of that section is due in no small degree to the industry of these lovers of peace. Some of them were fighting Quakers and came as U. E. Loyalists, many of them came over after the U. E. Loyalists had settled. In 1798 the first meeting was organized in the house of Philip Dorland, who had been elected as member of the First Legislature of Upper Canada for Prince Edward and Adolphustown and had been denied his seat because of his refusal to take the oath. They erected a meeting house in 1799 which is still standing. From Lennox they spread into Prince Edward, Hastings,

* See introduction to this volume.

Frontenac, and Leeds. These Quakers of the Bay of Quinte were principally of British origin. Let me give you two examples.

First, a Lennox family—The forefather came from England and settled in Salem, Mass., in 1628. The descendants gradually spread towards the west until the fifth generation had found a home in central New York. Here is a list of his eight children—Joseph, Jonathan Obadiah, Rachel, Reuben, Amos, David, and Daniel. The youngest came to Adolphustown and when the first Quaker meeting was formed there in 1798 his brother Reuben came over as one of the accredited delegates from the parent New York meeting to assist in the organization. The second example is of an old Prince Edward County family. The forefather came from England to Boston in 1635, soon after moving to Rhode Island, where he became Governor. Between 1784 and 1815 several descendants came to Prince Edward County. I gave you in my first example a family of sons. This was a family of daughters. Here are the names—Matura, Matilda, Ruth, Phœbe, Mehitabel, Abigail, Patience and Content. There must have been some humor in the old Quaker to name his seventh daughter Patience, and the eighth and last Content. These two, with their elder sister Abigail, came with their husbands, not in parlor cars, but in lumber wagons, bringing with them their bedding, flax-spinning wheels and solid silverware. Their descendants are numerous in Prince Edward County.

The old Quakers had large families, many of their children, however, joined the Anglican, Methodist and Presbyterian churches. The early Quakers would be a fruitful and interesting field of study. I have given you some Dutch, German and French names. Here are a few taken from the same "Records" that suggest descent from Puritan and Pilgrim stock and are fair samples of the old Quaker names, though such were by no means restricted to Quakers:—Content Castle, Charity Hill, Patience Pomeroy, Ruth Williams, Prudence Barret, Mercy Hawley, Temperance Rombough.

Most of the U. E. Loyalists who settled around Niagara and on the Bay of Quinte were protestants. In Sir John Johnson's Royal New York Regiment were a large number of Scottish soldiers, most of them protestant but some catholics. The former settled on the St. Lawrence in the counties of Stormont and Dundas; the catholics made a small settlement in Glengarry. Soon after came a large accession to their numbers, the Glengarry Fencibles with their gallant and devoted leader, Father Macdonell, afterwards the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada. The story of Bishop Macdonell and his Highlanders is full of interest. Born in 1762, in Invernesshire, he was educated for the priesthood. He went back to minister to his own people and found them in dire distress because of their small holdings being turned into sheep walks. He arranged with Glasgow manufacturers for their employment and came down from the Highlands with 700 or 800 stalwart laborers. Soon after occurred the French revolu-

tionary troubles, and a stagnation followed in the great work centres of England and Scotland. Father Macdonell then formed his followers into a catholic regiment, of which he became chaplain, and their services were offered to their country. They saw service in the Channel Islands and in Ireland. When peace came the Glengarry Fencibles were disbanded. Previous to this bands of Highlanders had left for America at various times, one settlement being made in South Carolina, another in Prince Edward Island, and in 1773 another band had gone, as already stated, to the Mohawk Valley at the request of Sir Wm. Johnson, and at the close of the revolutionary war had been settled along the St. Lawrence. Father Macdonell naturally looked across the sea for a future home for his flock, and, after many difficulties that we have not time to mention here, we find these fighting Highlanders located on grants of land in Glengarry County. Canada owes a great debt to the Highlanders of the St. Lawrence, both protestant and catholic. They were born fighters, and in the war of 1812 they all stood true to their old reputation of fighting to the last for the honor of the mother land. One has only to go over the catalogue of this Historical Exhibition to see what her Scottish pioneers did to preserve and to build up our country. If, then, you look over the history of our early lumbering industry and the construction of our railroads and canals, you will find that they were also great in peace and commerce as they were great in war and conquest. There is plenty of romance still to be written, and "Spanish John" is not the only book that could tell a story that would interest Canadians and give us an increasing love of our Dominion.

The descendants of the Lowlanders and of the Highlanders in Ontario are in comfortable circumstances, and it is difficult for us to realize with what sorrow and regret they took a tearful farewell of hill and dale and watched the last line of old Scotland fade away, even though they may have felt that they were being driven from home—driven it may have been, but it was from home. We can perhaps catch some of their spirit and their feeling if we recall the old Canadian boat song that they sang in Gaelic on the St. Lawrence.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.*

Listen to me, as when you heard our father,
Sing long ago, the song of other shores;
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather,
All your deep voices as ye pull your oars;
Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and a waste of seas;
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland
And we, in dreams, behold the Hebrides.

We ne'er shall tread the fancy haunted valley,
Where, 'twixt the dark hills, creeps the small clear stream,
In arms around the patriarch banner rally,
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam.

When the bold kindred, in the time long vanished,
Conquered the soil and fortified the keep,
No seer foretold the children should be banished,
That a degenerate lord might boast his sheep.

Come, foreign raid! let discord burst in slaughter,
Oh, then, for clansmen true, and keen claymore!
The hearts that would have given their blood like water,
Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic's roar.
Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

They loved their fathers' land and they sang in their sorrow; their grandchildren love this province but their love has not yet blossomed into song.

In recalling the heroes of early days in Upper Canada let us give full praise to men like Stewart and Langhorn, Losee and Dunham, McDowall and Macdonell, who traversed the scattered settlements of this province afoot or on horseback, in dugout or in the birchbark, and who carried peace and happiness into the homes of the early settlers. Surely in the lives of such men were the highest and truest elements of romance, and I can well believe that, actuated as they were by the same fidelity to their work as were their predecessors the Jesuit Fathers, they labored and lived free from the cares and worries of theological disputations. It is said that when Bishop Macdonell received visitors of state at Kingston the wife of one of the Protestant ministers did the honors of his house on more than one occasion.

Let me give you just one glimpse of early religious conditions in 1845. There were many vacancies in Upper Canada, men were asked for. The Church of Scotland, among other churches, was trying to meet the demand. A deputation was sent out to visit the parishes. On their return Rev. Norman McLeod gave this picture of the conditions among the Scottish Presbyterians:

"If I could just form a proper picture of one of these churches, it would be more eloquent than ten thousand speeches about vacancies. Suppose that, after a long journey, you come to a house built in some green nook, singled out from the surrounding wilderness; the people gradually collect before the door, some from

*This translation of the Gaelic Canadian Boat Song was made by the Earl of Eglinton and appeared in *Tait's Magazine*, June, 1849. It was copied from that magazine into "The Raid of Albyn" by W. D. Campbell, pub. Edinburgh in 1854. I have been enabled to reproduce it here through the kindness of Mr. Angus McMurchy, Toronto. When the deputation from the Church of Scotland returned in 1845 and made a report on their visit to Canada, Rev. Norman McLeod quoted the second verse as follows:

"From the dim sheiling on the misty island,
Mountains divide us, and a world of seas,
But still our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

the neighboring woods, some from the distant hamlets, and some have, from an early hour, been in their waggons, trudging along through heavy swamps. They are all assembled, you enter, and at a single glance from the pulpit you are sensible that you are addressing fellow countrymen; the psalm is given out, you hear Bangor or old Dundee sung, you feel a thrill as each joins his homely voice to the plaintive measure, and then you think yourself in a Highland glen. You preach, you rebuke, you exhort, you admonish, you comfort, and then quickly comes the hour that you must part, the time when is heard the solemn amen; and the thought strikes you that the church door will not be opened again for many a Sabbath—that the autumn leaves may fall and rustle at its threshold—that the snow of winter may wreathe itself there—but no passing foot will clear it away. When you see that, oh, it is then that you fully know what a vacancy is."*

I have not time to go fully into the story of the coming of the Six Nation Indians. They had offered the German refugees in London a home in their Mohawk country. They in turn now needed a home for themselves. When Governor Haldimand sent the little band of surveyors and loyalists up the St. Lawrence to spy out the land, Brant and some companions came with them. Upon the report of these prospectors the loyal Indians followed. They divided, part remaining on the Bay of Quinte and part going to the Grand River, where their descendants live to-day. Is there not some suggestion of romance in seeing the chiefs of these two sections meeting, at this exhibition 115 years later, with the descendants of their fellow-refugees and bringing together for the first time in a century the divided Queen Anne communion plate that represents so much to them, doubly dear because it was the gift of one of Britain's Queens, the great mother of the red man as well as of the white?

The next settlement that I come to in order of time is that which we call the Talbot Settlement. Two Irish lads had been aides to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland at Dublin. They were boys together, Tom Talbot and Arthur Wellesley by name. We can picture to ourselves how in years long after (1851) Lord Wellington and Colonel Talbot shook hands and sat down to talk of olden times. I wonder whether the story of Waterloo, or of Lundy's Lane, or the backwoods tales of Upper Canada, or the youthful pranks in which they were associated came most frequently to the fore. The reproduction of an evening with Wellington and Talbot fifty years ago would be rare reading for Canadians and Britishers to-day. There was no phonograph—perhaps some Canadian writer gifted with a vivid imagination will some day meet our desires. Would there not be some romance in it? Talbot had been Private Secretary to Governor Simcoe in Upper Canada from 1792 to 1794. In 1803, nearly 10 years after his return, he applied for a grant of land. Simcoe supported the application. 5,000 acres were given him, with an additional 150 for every 50 acres located. Some say he had been disappointed in love and came back to Canada as a consequence. To those who have once felt the allurement of the wild woods no such reason seems necessary. Fort Talbot overlooking Lake

*Report of the proceedings of a public meeting held at Edinburgh, 10th November, 1845.

Erie in Dunwich Township became his seat of government, and such a government it was! His manner was brusque and even irritating but his word was as good as his bond. He had his townships surveyed and his roads laid out, the principal one, Talbot Road, or Street, still bearing his name. His mode of registration was simple in the extreme—he wrote the name of the holder of each lot upon his plan; when a transfer was made the old name was erased and that of the new owner inscribed. He was a dictator in his settlement, which extended over Dunwich, Yarmouth, Aldborough, Malahide and Bayham, and even as far as Amherstburg. In 1831 he reported to the Government "My population amounts to nearly 40,000 souls." After visiting his native land he died in 1853. Let us hope that Robert Barr will do full justice to this unique character—this old Irish Bachelor who was a father to his thousands of old country settlers, and who served his country faithfully during the troublous times of 1812-14. I have not time or space to deal at greater length with this interesting man, but must refer you to the sketch of his life by Ermatinger and also to Mrs. Jameson's very entertaining account of her six days' visit to his home in July 1837. You will find it in vol. II of her "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada" published in London in 1838.

The growth of the population may be seen from the following:

1784....	about	10,000	1848....	about	726,000
1812....	"	75,000	1851....	"	952,000
1824....	"	157,000	1861....	"	1,400,000
1841....	"	500,000			

From 1825 to 1850 was "the growing time" in Upper Canada—it was then that the great streams of people poured in from England, Scotland and Ireland. I shall not discuss the causes*—the stagnation of British manufacturing industries, the failure of crops, the cholera scourge, the great social unrest, the desire for the possession of homes, and the free grant land policy of the Government. The front townships along the St. Lawrence and along Lakes Ontario and Erie were already settled but the rear townships were now open—the Queen's Bush was ready and thousands of English, Irish and Scottish settlers came in a steady stream up the St. Lawrence to Quebec and Montreal and found their way to the upper province by way of the upper St. Lawrence or the lately constructed Rideau Canal. These settlers filled up the townships to the north and west of the frontier townships, occupied by the earlier pioneers. Another series of stories is now to be told and the stories are not dry and uninteresting.

Have you not read of how the last chief of the McNabs fled from his creditors and escaped to America in 1825 and set up his feudal system in his own township near Ottawa? Here is an extract from a paper lately read before the Ottawa Women's Historical Society:

*See paper by A. F. Hunter, M. A., on "British Immigration into Upper Canada, 1825-1837," pp. 97-101 of this report.

"An order-in-council gave him control of the township next to Fitzroy for the purpose of forming a settlement, and granted to himself 1,200 acres, to be increased on completion of settlement and on arrival of settlers. They were summoned before the Chief and informed of the nature of his titles and his position as their Chief, and Head and Lord of the township. They were required to sign a very remarkable document called a location ticket which ran thus:

"I, Archibald Macnab, of Macnab, do hereby locate you, J—— C——, upon the rear half of the sixteenth lot of the eleventh concession of Macnab, upon the following terms and conditions, that is to say: I hereby bind myself, my heirs and successors to give you the said land free of any quit rent for three years from this date, as also to procure you a patent for the same at your expense, upon your having done the settlement duties and your granting me as a mortgage upon said land, that you will yearly thereafter pay to me, my heirs and successors for ever, one bushel of wheat or Indian corn or oats of like value for every cleared acre upon the said land in name of Quit Rent for the same in the month of January in each year. Your subscribing to these conditions being binding upon you to fulfil the terms thereof.

Signed and sealed by us at Kennell Lodge this day of , 18

Signed ARCHIBALD MACNAB.
Signed J—— C——.

"Here we have feudalism in the nineteenth century, in the shape of a perpetual Quit Rent.

"In 1830, after years of extortion on the part of the chief and intolerable burdens on the part of the settlers, a struggle for freedom began which lasted for sixteen years, and eventually ended in the defeat of the chief and in the establishment of the rights of the settlers. 'The Macnab' left the scene of his despotism, and after various wanderings settled in France, living in obscurity and poverty until he died, a very old man"*

Is there not some material for romance in this brief tale?

Have you not read of Peter Robinson bringing out the Irish emmigrants, landing them on the lakeshore at Cobourg and taking them overland around the end of Rice Lake to form a settlement in Peterboro county and to found a town that still preserves his memory in its name? The original record of this pilgrimage from the Emerald Isle has lately passed into the possession of the Peterboro Historical Society, and if its pages could speak there would be some romance, for those settlers would belie their native land if they did not afford some material for romance.

* In *The Montreal Daily Witness*, April 17th and April 24th, 1897, will be found a full report of a very interesting address by Mr. James Craig, of Renfrew, Ont., delivered before the Caledonian Society of Montreal, entitled "The Last of His Line," a graphic sketch of The McNab.

The stream of Irish immigration was broad and deep—it was fed from the Protestant Counties of the North and the Roman Catholic Counties of the South, and, though the two classes settled at first in separate groups in various parts of the Province, there has been a mingling of Irish blood with that from other sources until now it is disseminated through all parts of Ontario. The bard of Erin loved the old land and Thomas D'arcy McGee voiced his feeling:

"Where'er I turned, some emblem still
Roused consciousness upon my track,
Some hill was like an Irish hill
Some wild bird's whistle called me back;
A sea-bound ship bore off my peace
Between its white, cold wings of woe;
Oh, if I had but wings like these,
Where my peace went, I too would go."

Perhaps some Canadian of Celtic stock will set us all a singing songs of our own land that will never die.

Going further west we come to Guelph, and Stratford, and Goderich, the three towns of the Canada Company. You have read "In the Days of the Canada Company." If not, you should read it and you will find in the story of John Galt, and Dr. Dunlop, and Major Strickland, and many others, and in the Paisley weavers turned farmers, no little humor and romance that will appeal to all, especially to those in whom some Scottish blood moves and thrills. "Tiger Dunlop" is a character as unique as Talbot and his old friends still live to recall his oddity and his humor.

Will you allow me time briefly to repeat a story within this story, and I give it as lately narrated by one of the survivors, the well known postmaster of Guelph, Mr. David Stirton.*

The emigration from Scotland was principally from the ports on the west coast. A colonization scheme was advertised throughout the Eastern shires and in the year 1825 a boat set sail from the Bay of Cromarty with a band of emigrants for America, bound for the wonderful States of Colombia (now Venezuela.) The good people doubtless thought they were going to the United States. Their geography was faulty or limited. They were landed however in South America in the Laguayra district or state, a country devoted largely to coffee plantations. They soon saw the deception that had been practised upon them—some found work on the plantations but such work was suitable only to natives of a warm climate. They wept over their fate and longed for Auld Scotia, but for a time no help came. They were in sore distress when at last an English Quaker arrived, Joseph Lancaster, who is well known as the author of the Lancasterian system of Education. He became interested in their fate and laid the

* See "Pioneer Days in Wellington"—the reminiscences of Mr. David Stirton, which appeared in *The Guelph Mercury*. The account of the La Guayrians is to be found in the weekly issue of March 9th, 1899.

matter before the Home Government. Some time later a British frigate arrived, commanded by the brother of Sir Peregrine Maitland, Governor of Upper Canada. The rejoicing people went aboard and the boat set sail for the North. At New York the British Consul met them and persuaded 22 families to seek a home in Upper Canada under the direction of the Canada Company. Here they found a home in Wellington County and settled down to life once more among their fellow countrymen. Their subsequent troubles, the dispute between Galt and the Canada Company, and the removal from their first location to others—their dispersion—would make another story, that cannot be told here.

What a fertile field for story and romance does the Ottawa valley present! It was the route of the old furtraders and the voyageurs; there are stories yet to be written of the old Hudson Bay Traders who came in from the north, and the Bourgeois of the Northwest Company who went up from the South to make their homes amongst the trappers of the Great Ontario Northland—a country about which we know so little, a country yet to be explored by others than the Indians and the traders. Then who will give us the telling picture of the lumber camp and the rafts, where life is an unbroken series of adventure, where rollicking sport and reckless daring go hand in hand! The story of the German settlement about Golden Lake in Renfrew county that has pushed in by the back roads, until now it has almost formed a link between the Ottawa and the front of the province, this has yet to be told. The story of McNab I have referred to. The military settlement near Perth and the opening up of the Rideau also belong to this Section. And further South in Leeds you can still hear tales of fights of former years, reviving memories of the faction fights of the Emerald Isle.

The Detroit and St. Clair river regions are full of interest. There were located early Jesuit Missions and fur-trading posts. There are to be found the descendants of the early French settlers and also some of the French Canadians who left Quebec at the time of trouble in 1837. There are the remains of Selkirk's first unsuccessful attempt at colonization—the Baldoon Settlement. There are the negro refugees. Some of the original stock are still left to tell their tale of hardship and of adventure.

If you sail along the shores of the Bay of Quinte and into Kingston harbor, you cannot fail to admit that nature at least has provided her full share of material for romance and story; but we have said enough of the Midland pioneers.

If you go to the Lake Simcoe region, the old Huron country, and visit the sites of the old French forts and the Jesuit Missions and the Indian Villages and then turn to the pages of the Jesuit Relations, you will find that Quebec and Acadia do not monopolize the field of early romance, for here we are on the battle grounds of the old Huron and Iroquois tribes, on ground made sacred by the sufferings of the

early martyrs, and on the trails of the first French Explorers. Examine the Mortar in the hall below, it is a beautiful piece of work but see its inscription "Made in the year 1636" ("*Faict l'an 1636*") But look up its history and let your imagination have free play and you will come back to it with increasing interest.

Push your way back over one of the lonely colonization roads of the back townships, in the border land of the old lumbering regions, and make your way to the settler's little clearing. The surroundings are very plain, but there are a few indications of a higher civilization than you expected. It is, perhaps, the home of an English pensioner, a retired military officer, or an old sea-going man. He brought out his family to make a home on free grant lands. He has been disappointed in not realising his high expectations. You can see unmistakable marks of refinement in face and dress and manner, and, if you can gain the confidence of the man or his faithful wife, you will hear a story that will reach far into the night.

Some day we shall recognize the romance of the old log house. Can you look at that well arranged living-room on the ground floor of this exhibition without thinking that if those old pieces of furniture could talk they would tell a story that would interest? Take a hurried glance at a settler's home of 75 or 100 years ago.

The cooking was done at the big open fire place with the Dutch oven, and the pots hung on the crane, all of which you can see in the room below. The food of his table was entirely of his own raising, and was therefore limited in its variety. For many years his clothes were of deerskin or of homespun, and his winter's cap was of the same material, his summer hat was of straw, plaited by his own family. His logging and hauling were done by oxen. He cut the grain with sickle, scythe or cradle, and his wife and children followed with rakes, binding and shocking the grain. He threshed on the barn floor with the cumbersome flail or by the tramping of his horse's feet, and he winnowed after the manner of bye-gone centuries. He flung a bag of wheat over the back of his only horse, or he placed it in his canoe, or perchance he swung it over his own sturdy shoulder and strode off by the trail to the little mill miles away where it was ground into flour between stones. The social life of the community was largely maintained in the old fashioned "bees," when the neighbors gathered for a logging or clearing, a barn-raising, a road-making, a corn shocking or even a pig-killing. The women had their "bees" for carpet making or quilting. Traces of these old customs are still to be seen in the well worn rag carpet of some old farm house or the log cabin quilt that still appears at country fairs. Some student of early life has told us that the rag carpet was the invention of the thrifty French Huguenot. Many of our grandfathers and grandmothers made love to one another at an apple-paring bee, when the young men pared the fruit and the young women quartered, cored and strung them on strings to hang up on the crossbeams to dry for winter's use. The

school teacher, generally a full grown man who has seen service in the old land, "boarded round" and was eagerly looked for in many homes. The cobbler or shoemaker went from house to house with his tools and roll of leather, staying at the house till the whole family were rejooted or reshod. The peripatetic tailor dropped in from time to time to make up a suit or two for Sunday wear. The clockmaker came on his rounds and cleaned up the old clock, the grandfather's clock, that stood in the corner of the living-room, and started it aright, though the older members of the family never forgot to make their reckoning by the sun. From time to time the dusty pedlar turned in and laid down his capacious pack, and became for the time being the most important personage in the world to the younger members of the family. There was many a Doctor Maclure in the early days, and the Ministers of all denominations were itinerants.

The railroad and the telegraph and the telephone and the electric light have changed all this,—they have given us a different social life, but not one that is more interesting.

The British Association, at its meeting in Toronto in August, 1897, appointed a committee to make an ethnographic survey of Ontario. That report* has just gone forward. It has been prepared mainly by Mr. A. F. Hunter, of Barrie. Here is an extract dealing with York and Simcoe that will show how complex we are. I give York and Simcoe because they are fairly complete and represent the two eras of settlement.

York County.

No.	Immigrants.	Date.	Where settled.
1	Germans (Berczy's 60 families)	1794	Markham.
2	French Royalists (20 families)	1798	Yonge St. (King & Whitchurch).
3	Davidites (?) (from New York)	1800	East Gwillimbury.
4	Eskdale (Dumfriesshire (Scots)	1800	Scarboro'.
5	Quakers (from Pennsylvania)	1805	King & Whitchurch.
6	English (West of England)	1820	Richmond Hill (Vaughan & Markham).
7	Pennsylvania Dutch		York & Vaughan.
8	Mennonists or Tunkers		Yonge St. (Whitchurch).
9	Highland Scots		Vaughan, King.
10	Annandale (Dumfriesshire) Scots		Vaughan.
11	Negroes		Vaughan & King.
12	Indians (Chippewas) (pop'n., 118)		Georgina & Snake Islands.

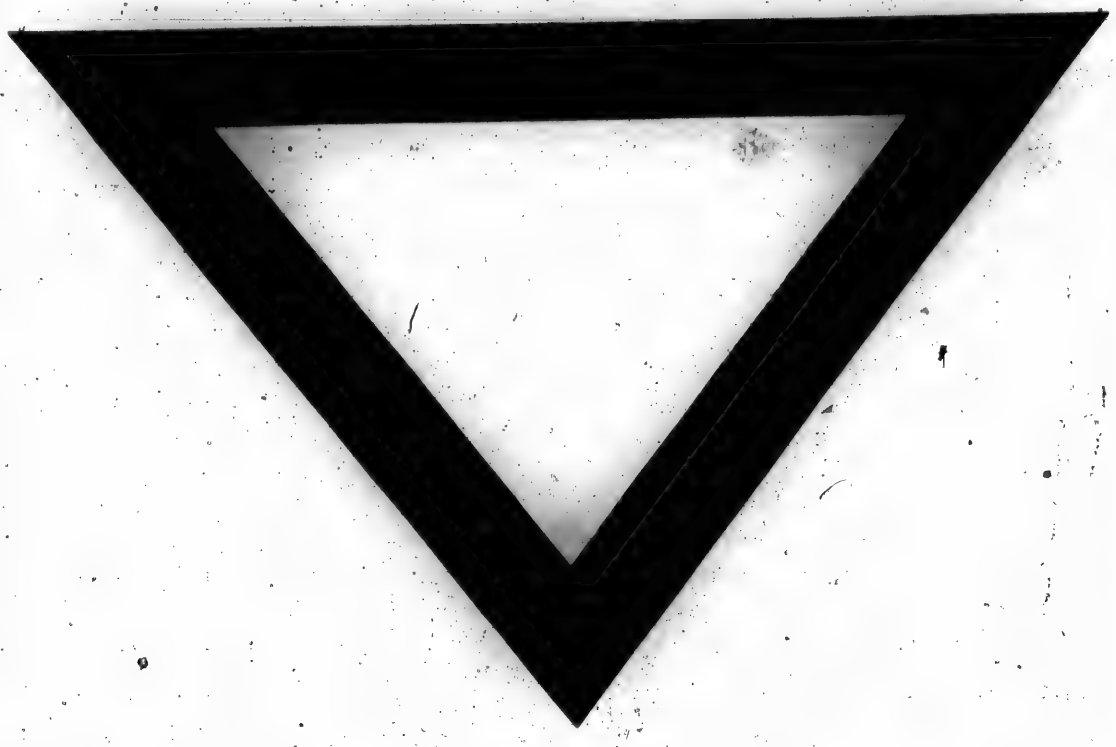
* The full report will not be available for publication until September of the present year. If procurable at the time, it will appear in the next issue of this Appendix.

Simcoe County.

1 Sutherlandshire Scots	1820	West Gwillimbury.
2 North of England (small)	1820	Penetang, Road & W. Gwillimbury
3 French Canadians	1830	Tiny.
4 Negroes (now chiefly gone)	1828	Oro (20 families) Sunnidale.
5 Ulster Protestant (extensive)	1830	Tecumseth, Essa, Innisfil.
6 Irish Catholic (smaller)	1830	Adjala, Vespra, Flos & Medonte
7 Argyleshire Scots	1832	Nottawasaga, Oro.
8 Lanarkshire & Renfrewshire Scots.	1832	Innisfil, Essa.
9 Germans (small)	1832	Nottawasaga.
10 Londonderry	1850	Innisfil.
11 Border District Scots (small)	1850	Innisfil.
12 Indians (Chippewas) (pop'n., 397).		Beausoliel & Christian Islands.

This leads to another very interesting question—what do we, as a province, owe to these various contributing elements? What did the U. E. Loyalists bring into our blood? What do we owe to the old Dutch of New Amsterdam? What to the Huguenot of New Rochelle? What to the German from the Palatinate on the Rhine? What to the New England Puritan? What to the Quaker? What to the so-called Pennsylvania Dutch? What to the French-Canadian? and what to the English, Scottish and Irish settlers?

It was a Parkman who discovered the romance of the old Regime; it was a Longfellow who first sent travelers to the Land of Evangeline—must we wait for some foreigner to discover us, and to find in our ancestors and in us something to attract and to interest?

Some years ago an Art Loan Exhibition was held in San Francisco. Among the paintings was one by Millet. Among the visitors was a school teacher. The picture drew the man. He sat down before it and became entranced by it. It took hold of his brain, and to-day from one side of the continent to the other Markham the poet and Millet the painter are known as the authors of "The Man with the Hoe." So may something similar result from this Exhibition. May some of these old pictures, some of these old maps, some of these old relics of peace and of war, stained with the blood of Canadians or hallowed by the touch of heroes or of martyrs, humble and obscure though they may have been, set some hearts aflame and brains aglow to sing to us the deeds of our forefathers and to make sacred the places trodden by our ancestors, that the annals of this people may be known and prized and revered, and that we may be inspired to be the worthy sons of worthy sires.

C. C. James.